N. O. Bekoe

Amore

Book stores and online shops/websites to purchase Amore:

- Pageturner Press and Media - **USA**
- **Amazon**
- Indigo Chapters - **Canada**
- **Barnes & Noble**
- WH Smith - **UK & Europe**
- **Ingram**
- Kalahari Books **– South Africa**
- Dymocks & Borders **– Australia**
- Waterstones - **UK & Europe**
- **Baker & Taylor**
- Gardners - **UK & Europe**
- Timeout Bookstore - **Australia & New Zealand**
- Booktopia - **Australia & New Zealand**

N. O. Bekoe

Amore

Copyright © 2019 by N. O Bekoe

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or manner, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the express written permission of the copyright owner except for the use of brief quotations in a book review or other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Printed in the United States of America

Library of Congress Control Number: 0-9000000-0-0
ISBN: Softcover 0-9000000-0-0
eBook 0-9000000-0-0

Republished by: PageTurner, Press and Media LLC
Publication Date: 11/01/2019

To order copies of this book, contact:
PageTurner, Press and Media
Phone: 1-888-447-9651
order@pageturner.us
www.pageturner.us

Acknowledgement

Growing up, I heard the saying ‘work hard, and those who are meant to be in your life will naturally find you.’

To PageTurner Press and Media, I am eternally grateful for launching my career.

Amar Erica, Zakari Nabeela, Soussoudis Thelma, the Otoobea twins, Owusua Alberta, Ampah Miriam, and Kesse Phyllis, I must confess, you ladies are heaven sent. In one way or the other, your reviews, feedbacks, and comments shaped this novel. A million thanks.

Eric Tetteh, it has been a privilege knowing you, you’ve been so supportive on my social media page that I wish we had met earlier. The heavens bless your efforts.

Yakass Emmanuel, Quayson John, Aggrey Alfred, Boakye Alfred, and my ‘female roommates’ during campus times, thanks for your support and encouragement since way back.

The A by Default group, I love you guys.

Suzanna-Sellasie Atutornu, you single-handedly inspired Little Diamonds. You will always be at heart.

Finally, to Dr Mawuli Adzei, if anyone has been a Godfather, it has been you.

My busy mind may not allow me to remember every name worthy of mention, however, to every name worthy of mention, you are hugely acknowledged.

Dedication

Amore is dedicated to Rosanna.

Shadows Don’t Lie

Amore is made of three short romance stories: Shadows Don't Lie, Little Diamonds, and Out of Gold, in this order. Shadows don't lie is about a rich broken-hearted, independent woman who finds the strength to love again after almost a decade, however, the man she falls for has skeletons in his closet that need cleansing before this new-found love works.

Little Diamonds is about two childhood sweethearts who were separated before they came to who they really were: a Christian boy and a Muslim girl. Destiny brought them together at the University, however, it was after school that they had to face the barriers and realities of coming from different backgrounds.

Out of Gold is about a beautiful relationship that is wrecked by a pretty lady, the lovers having no idea that the decisions of their parents in the distant past is the reason this lady is coming at them with all she has. The truth eventually comes to fore before their happy ever after.

Hi, Nana Okotwere Bekoe here. I love to share intriguing findings through my novels as I always relish the goosebumps that come with writing them for your enjoyment. By any chance, I am seen throwing muted tantrums while staring at my phone, forgive me, it is definitely a Manchester United match I can't watch from home. Don't know about you but summer allows me to see sights of interests in London. Rail has always been my favorite form of transport, and my compassion for the needy and less privileged is why I partner with NGOs in Ghana. Let's get in touch below:

Instagram/Twitter/Wattpad: @n_o_bekoe

Facebook/LinkedIn: author n. o. bekoe

ISBN 978-1-64376-471-9
51199
9 781643 764719

PageTurner
Press and Media

Chapter 1

The tempting harmattan breeze strode silently through East Legon, Accra. Bodies that could not take the outrageous demands of the breeze had surrendered, and were busily and delightfully squeaking beds with their counterparts.

But in one of the most beautiful mansions in East Legon, something different was going on. The commanding harmattan current, in connivance with years of celibacy and a natural must, were squirming Ana to the tunes of the night. Every weakness in her had come to play that dawn. It was all coming to a rest in between her two effeminate thighs. She had spent the last couple of minutes visiting pleasurable time pasts.

Time was up to return to reality but she wanted to stay much longer. Under the warmth of her quilt, she jerked awake to the falsehood.

A dream, she realized much to her distaste.

She plonked her body back onto the bed after sitting up. Her hand settled on her forehead as she tried to recall the most recent images. Most especially the man who was doing crazy things to her in her dreams.

After the futility, she spread her hands aside, slowly groping up and down as if searching for a brother to the night with whom to manufacture some dawn heat. Ana knew the dream was a natural sign.

She bit her lips and pondered why invisible faces were now making love to her after so many years of successful celibacy.

A leopard never changes its spots but Ana's were changing. They were changing from being single to wanting to be loved.

A couple of days after knowing she had conceived, her husband passed away, she swore never to give her heart, body, or soul to any man again. Unfortunately, and coincidentally, news of her husband's death reached her just hours after she had found out she was a second wife. This was barely a month after their wedding. She was gravely paralyzed to find out that all the family members of her husband who attended their wedding ceremony were impersonators.

As a royal but not a Prince, Ana's late husband, by customs and tradition, was supposed to marry a woman from another royal lineage, but Ana came along the way and he could not withstand what he felt for Ana.

When her husband realized Ana knew the reality of the situation, out of guilt and impulse, he called her to meet her at home. He truncated work that day. It was when he was coming home that he met a fatal accident. His Land Cruiser crumpled like a piece of paper under an articulated truck. For several hours, they had to cut the vehicle piece by piece before finally getting to the owner who had already joined the silent majority instantly upon impact. He could not return home to explain.

Ana was the most disappointed creature in the Milky Way galaxy.

A man she had given her all to, had put her second while she put him first in her everything. Sorrow and grief came at her like undisputed warlords. She felt pain with great intensity.

The house in which she lived currently, she fought with her last breath to retain. Her late husband's family did their best to reclaim everything that their boy bought her to the last G- string. She kept the conception a secret and nearly aborted it but for the timely interference from her late mother, whom had been studying her daughter after the saddening situation.

From that moment on, she had become an extremist and a philosopher; men are the most evil creatures a woman should smile at. They are cheats. The most callous beings, bad spirits camouflaged behind human skins...

She worked her way through the ranks and eventually to the top. When she set up her own company, she could not agree more to what men can achieve, women can achieve better. You will only see her smile sincerely when she needed a deal with another head of an organization who unfortunately was male. Those fake smiles, she tried her best to perpetuate.

In times of prosperity, friends are plenty, however, Ana was the direct opposite of this saying. She did not have the time, not that she did not have friends, she had, but her priorities almost always spent her day for her.

Ana laid on her bed with her eyes glued to the roof, thinking through her schedule for the upcoming day. Stealthily, sleep took her away again.

Chapter 2

Ana was up before morning broke. She had been doing this for the past decade so it had become a part of her. Toasted bread with fried egg was all her busy day permitted. In the kitchen, while breakfast was not ready yet she would go through her mail on her MacBook on many occasions.

At times, she wished a day was about thirty-six or forty-two hours, so that she could accomplish many tasks before retiring to bed. She was too much of a workaholic that many a time she would grudgingly succumb to the inarguable power of sleep with complaints of unfinished work on her lips. She would wake up and the first thought on her mind was work.

Joe, the fetus she nearly aborted sixteen years ago, came to the kitchen in his training kits. He pecked his mother good morning and went for the fridge. Ana rolled up her eyes and pouted her lips. He had not brushed yet.

Joe was her pride and joy.

Ana could not help but complain about the bad breathe that left his mouth in the peck. They had been living under the same roof all their lives. He was used to her grumbles. He smiled as he gulped down some cold water. He was about to go jogging.

‘Why do you always conceal the truth?’ Joe teased.

Ana smiled and bit her lip. She knew what her son was insinuating, and it was one trait that was characteristic of Joe’s late father.

Back then, when Joe's father met Ana, he could tease the beauty out of her until she was blushing uncontrollably. She always complained that she did not like being teased, but always had a smile on while she tossed and hopped around sheepishly in her blush.

Joe turned around, expecting a grin on his mother's face, and there it was, as wide as their frying pan.

He had been teasing his mother for a long time. He says that she blushed anytime he gave her a peck, and that he was growing suspicious of her. He had suggested dating sites for her on countless occasions, most especially when she came home totally exhausted, but she would turn the offer down a million times because 'it's preposterous,' she always said. Ana would rather have a walk with Pappy, her dog, than spend a few hours with one politician who did not know what to make of tax payers' money.

Rising through the ranks, she had had countless offers from business gurus who promised her the Osu Castle but she turned all of them down.

'Heartbreakers, cheats, once I slip on a banana peel and fall open legged on their groin, I'll be of no use to them.' These were her words.

After the disheartening incident with her late husband, her weakness to love again had gone into hibernation. A quantum of pain difficult to fathom, had been brewing in her fractured heart after her first love remorselessly shattered it.

She admired her son with pride as he squatted to lace his Nike. She had single-handedly taken care of him for sixteen solid years. What an achievement that was, taking into consideration how reality sunk her during the aftermath of the emotional misery.

Ana, before she landed her first job, would be the first to arrive at the premises of a company during the day of interview. Countless times she would perform outstandingly well at the interview but would not allow the final phase that most CEOs wanted, sex. Persistence has never broken a bone in the history of mankind, after the uncountable questioning, evaluation, and conferences, eventually, she landed herself a job. It was at no other company than one of the largest companies

in Accra. Naturally hardworking, she caught the eye of the owner of the company. Years later, with the old man's help, Ana began her own.

Initially it was difficult, but Ana was a fighter. At one point she nearly sold her mansion to pay for some losses incurred. She was fortunate to survive the droughts and dips of the endeavour. Years later, she began seeing signs of fruits. Those signs were more invigorating than anything.

Competition was tough, especially for Ana. Females hardly roamed certain corridors of power, but she did, which paid off handsomely. She now had them in her pocket after weathering all their storms. Nothing succeeds like being in the midst of successful people, once she reached up the social ladder, the right people came her way. She was a smooth talker who could persuade anyone to perform what she wanted, this she used to her advantage. For the suitors that came her way once in a while, she gave them zero tolerance. If a man loved Ana and stood before her, before he could talk she would have already read his mind. She would tell you it cannot happen.

Back to the kitchen, Joe mocked her with a wink on his way out. A wink that said earn for yourself someone who would love you. Ana could see Kwame waiting in the compound. They had been jogging together after knowing they were both Manchester United fans.

During one weekend, after a match that they won, Kwame could not help but put up a Manchester United flag out in his window. It was there that Joe knew they were on the same side of the pitch.

Kwame lived next door. He was an up and coming writer, with his first novel currently halted because the suitable agent was hard to find. He was not interested in self-publishing, though he had all the needed resources. He prefers radio to television, because he claims the radio stimulates more imageries in the mind than the television.

He was older than Joe but younger than Ana.

Kwame's father, who now resided in the States due to medical reasons, bought the house a few months after Ana moved into hers. They had been good neighbours for a long time. Kwame was born to Ghanaian parents but schooled in the United States. After school, he began helping his Uncle run his father's companies in the States whiles

his father oversaw those in Ghana and other West African countries, but when his health started failing him, an exchange was necessary. Too much cigarette and vodka, his heart was failing him by the month. Before he left he told Ana a lot about his son. Ana needed not be clairvoyant to know that it was a tactful way of saying kindly keep an eagle eye on my son when I am not around.

Ana watched Kwame and Joe walk out. She smacked her laptop, shove it into her hand bag, and went for her car.

Chapter 3

In a green Panama hat, a well pressed white top, and a pair of green trousers, the Security of Jona Group of Companies eased up in his tracks when the frontage of one of Ana's car revealed itself from a distance. He always thanked his stars for the fact that the company's location always made view for him to see who was approaching from a kilometre away. If not for the vantage, he bet he would have been sacked before long. During most times of the week, car horns would jerk him awake from his nightmares when a worker was entering or wanted to leave.

Before he went to the gate, he flagged one worker who was entering the front door that her CEO was coming. She run to her desk and upon sitting, sent a bulk message across.

'The WITCH is in.'

In a matter of seconds, the whole place fell into dead silence. Some in the haste knocked their knees to the hard wooden compartments and hopped on one leg to their seats, squirming in agony as they logged on to their respective accounts and began work. Only pecks from keyboards did any talking from that point forward.

Most at times the Security felt a stupid urge to lie down when Ana's car was slowly thrusting into the compound. He would greet Ana about three to four times before she entered the front door.

Ana entered with majestic steps. As she walked to her office, as though she was not watching, she could see from end to end in

her peripheral view. They knew beyond doubt that she was watching with hawk eyes.

She quickly settled in her swivel chair, replied all emails, shuffled some files on her table, and span around to her side. The view she loved so much, seeing her sea of workers spread out beneath like worshippers seeking blessings from a goddess. She loved to watch the hustle and bustle at work. Her working environment was perfect for strict supervision. Diligence is the mother of good fortunes, so she wanted to instil diligence in her workers.

Ana's office stood a floor high from the rest of the building, so that she could see everybody through the transparent glass walls. When one was outside, one could not see inside her office but she could see outside. She had been subject to the feeling of being constantly watched by her Director in a similar building so she knew how it felt like. This kept her employees on their toes every time.

When Ana landed herself a job fourteen years ago, it was worse. She never knew humans like her Director existed. The old man lived and breathed his work. At present, Ana found herself doing same. When she was in her heavenly office, no one dared idled without pretending to work. If you were caught dozing or barring, if only she was not in her normalcy, you would pass free, but if she was, your day would be a mess. One would pass for the laziest worker of the day. A spectacular volley of tongue-lash would be hollered at that worker. Mostly, the silence that would ensue after the fiasco would pass for the Guinness Book of Records. She believed in kill one to warn a few. No one wanted to be Ana's scapegoat by will. Moreover, she always kept her fingers on the pulse so that her company was the best or one of the best.

That morning, Ana had nearly called out Becky, her personal assistant, when it dawned on her that Becky quit last week. She was about her eleventh personal assistant to quit working under her.

Most of them found her inhumanely demanding and dictatorial. Working as her personal assistant, one would have to meet multiple deadlines, multi-task throughout the day, and occasionally work some overtimes before retiring for the day, leaving only the personal assistant and Ana at the work place. They would type until their nails wanted to fall out. Her workers called her by many names she was not aware

of: Hitler, Idi Amin, wicked lioness, the list continues. Today, she was called ‘the witch,’ because Becky screamed the word in her face when she quitted. Before Becky, Ana was ‘Monster’, the Personal Assistant before Becky wrote the word on her windscreen with her red lipstick on her way out of the building.

Each time it was about closing time, Ana could read the beam that shone on her workers face. Today was no different.

‘Lazy people.’ Her employees could not wait to leave. Most especially the males, who never spent a second in the building after 4 p.m. She watched them contemptuously with a slow head shake.

The annual dinner was in a few weeks’ time. No personal assistant meant that she had to plan the dinner by herself. It was another work that could break the back of a camel, she concluded. On top of the backlog on her workspace, just picking up the phone to call some decor to plan the upcoming event was too tiring an act. Ana hardly availed herself to the opportunities and pleasures that life offered, her only times were funerals, parties she was invited to that she gave deep consideration before attending, and the annual company dinner.

Today, she had planned on promoting one of them to the position of Personal assistant, and she knew too well that no one would vie for the two edged position. Once her personal assistant, one’s salary would brim a little, but keeping up with her pace was the other cup one needed to fill. Around noon she called for a meeting and for the first time hang her proposal in the air. This time she did not forcefully appoint someone like she always did, hand-tying the chosen one to smile and jubilate against his or her will. They all went Roman Catholic with the sign of cross when she dismissed the meeting. Some shot surprised glances at others, asking when the devil confessed Christ. Something had certainly changed about their CEO. Ana knew no one would knock on her door asking for the position so she deleted the expectation in her memory.

Having little to do, she left work in quite some haste that day, nearly causing the Security’s soul to run out of his body with a loud honk that bounced him up from sleep.

She branched off to the Accra mall and bought some rose flowers. A mournful air ventilated her car. That day was exactly sixteen years

her husband died in the fatal car accident. It was a bold decision on her path, because for all those years she had never visited his gravestone. Today was the first time after the burial that she had decided to visit. A face between straight and scorn was what her visage wore. It had become a natural reflex each time she felt like lamenting over the heartbreak.

When she arrived at the cemetery, stepping out of her car was another decision that required great effort and forgiveness.

Why am I here in the first place?

If he truly loved her, he would not have made her a choice. Making her a second wife but pretending she was his world in front of everybody.

She rested her forehead on her wheel and closed her eyes. Tears had wetted her lids when she opened them. She stepped out and had no difficulty at all in locating the gravestone. A few steps away from her car, she became weary and weak. She felt like some part of her had joined the lady-killer down there in the grave. Reaching in front of it, she read his name but did her best not to pronounce it in her head.

He had become a name too abominable to think of.

On impulse, she tore her sight from the name and looked elsewhere. A cortege of mourners were not too far away. She finally squatted after a thorough debate whether to throw the scented red cluster on the stone or continue what she was doing now. She felt a soft weakness in her chest. It shook her to signal that a cry was not far away. After all these years, she finally told him to rest in peace. These three words, she had kept to herself, because she wanted him to burn in hell, to rest in painful pieces.

After about a minute, she wanted to ask the dead why it bore her to such an abyss, but the weakness in her chest had reached just behind her lips.

They quivered with an impatience to cry.

Just a word, and tears would burst out of her like a punctured pipe line. She pressed her eyes shut in sorrow and swivelled to the side away from the mourners, lest a relative of one of her workers saw her. As strong as she was, an emotion too strong to suppress was slowly engulfing her. She read the signs and stood up, plastered her bag onto the front of her thighs and began tottering to her car. When she was

almost by her car, it erupted out of her, causing a number of mourners to look her way. She quickly entered her car and fetched herself a tissue. The long held tears were now forcing themselves out.

She found herself doing things she referred to as too feminine, like jerking to sobs and pressing her hands to her chest as the soft sobs mushroomed into loud cries. She quieted intermittently but relapsed into the pain afterwards. In all, she used four tissue papers before returning to calm. She regretted visiting the gravestone. This was exactly what she did not want to do, cry because of him. It made her feel he still controlled her after all these years.

Not wanting to aggravate her state any more, she ignited her car and headed home.

Chapter 12

He followed her out of the ongoing merriment. She had been at this venue more than a couple of times so she knew the environment quite well. When they were outside, their hands instinctively found each other's again. There was no danger in sight but they felt they needed each other in the dark. Neither talked nor hesitated. She chose a path that led to the meadow.

The strong breeze of the night blew back her hair, revealing her small head from Kwame's viewpoint. They were walking against the direction of the breeze. On top of that the stellar decor of the sky had provided a beautiful scenery of the whole place. They walked in bright darkness. The moon's vigil was well noticed.

The field had an evenly undulating landscape, so that for every fifty meters they either were on a small uphill or a shallow valley. As they climbed one of these, her sixth sense told her that he was staring.

She checked and she was correct.

The glint in his eyes was the evidence. They were fixated on her. Lightheaded, she laughed gently and almost set off to a run. Kwame licked his lips and began.

'I never knew you could be like this,' he confessed. She turned playfully at him but did not utter a word. Ana had always known that truth was in alcohol she only lifted her brows as a sign that she had heard him.

Kwame hated the fact that the vodka was setting in, but it was already in his system, he could do nothing about it.

'Come to think of it.' She turned to listen. He stretched the other hand and she took it with delight. They both squeezed lightly. She pursed her lips as he did the talking. Ana was now walking with her back but was facing him. 'What if you had fallen today?' He smiled brightly. Ana threw her stare away from him, contemplating the possible consequences if she had landed on the ground. All were not too good. She had glimpses of smiles all over her face as she thanked her stars for bringing him along.

'Thanks once again for your skilful catch, I am glad you came.' That was how slow and tactful she could come to saying that they should change the topic of discussion to a more romantic one. She dropped her stare briefly and flew it back to his face. However, she could not hold the stare for long, she had to drop it.

Oh boy you are damn handsome.

She sighed under the power of his God-given looks. At the same time Kwame also thought of his own version of her beauty. She was a to die to be with.

Kwame had a long face with plenty of hair that had been well shaved to a fine moustache around his mouth. His hair was well cut for the occasion and was replete with waves. It glimmered occasionally under the influence of the moon. His Adam's apple was constantly at work. It rocked to every utterance that he voiced out. Kwame had a heavy baritone voice that always caused vibrations in certain sacred places of Ana's being. The voice commanded immediate effects on her effortlessly. Additionally, every time he talked for a long time she appeared as if listening attentively, but the truth was that she was lost, lost in and around his lips. His ash suit also made him appear angelic in the night. Ana at some moments felt overly secure in his heavenly presence.

'Can you do me a favour?' Ana wanted to read the request on his face but he was unreadable at this moment. The vodka had altered his visage lightly.

‘Sure.’ She nodded in addition and bridged the gap between them to half. Her eyebrows knitted in anticipation.

‘Would it be possible for me to catch you again?’ he spoke flatly.

‘Catch me again, how?’ she was confused. Ana thought Kwame had now found his dancing shoes. Her eyes were the widest he had ever seen them become. The urge to kiss them and tell her she had pretty eyes was all over. The appetite was literally screaming at him to dap his lips on those set of blinkers. Her lips were still rounded and parted after the ‘how?’

Kwame left her hands and squinted a little. Blood from nowhere rushed to Ana’s lips. Her tiny lips suddenly felt heavy and swollen.

Is he going to catch my lips with his?

She swallowed and threw a leer over his shoulders. She wanted to take off into the skies but gravity did a good job on her. Kwame’s hand moved around her hips as if to touch her and survey her curves upwards but he did not.

Rather, he prickled with his middle finger at the side of her waist.

This caused Ana to snake to one side of her body, so that her other side joined shape with her already outstanding hip. She still could not catch what he meant by catch you again. Then another prickle came at her other side. She twisted herself and then started moving back. Kwame closed each gap with a step of his own. His steps were that of an assassin’s who had his target to himself in a room. Ana now understood what he meant by ‘catch you again.’ They both broke into smiles. Ana’s mushroomed into laughter. He stretched and prickled her again. This time she twisted herself so that his impact was minimized. He did not know he was injecting long-lasting excitements into her already disturbed system.

‘Kwame please,’ she pleaded amid uncontrollable laughter.

‘That’s your gift for the vodka,’ he disclosed. ‘Now who’s going to save you?’ he threw his arms wide to indicate that they were the only people out there on the meadow. The music from the dinner could be heard from a distant. She pleaded again with her hands clasped in front of her but Kwame was in the mood. He would not listen.

‘Talk to the hand!’ he waved at her jovially.

‘Oh! my G... What have I landed myself into?’ she threw the question out loud when she realized that he would not stop.

He tickled her until she had no option but to take to her heels. She held her dress around her thighs and turned around. Running, she was laughing so much that she could barely move her legs. She was such a beauty to watch. She ticked all his boxes of a goddess. Ana had the wisdom of women. She felt as free as a bird. Kwame delighted in running after her in the dark. Each time he caught her, her pleas were like honey. Most of the time he would jovially ask to tickle her one more time before he stopped. Ana would begin running before he could execute his last attempt. During those times he would hold her at the waist, as it appeared to shrink and expand in her lungfuls. In spite of his lovely worries, she loved the fumes that came with his utterances when she was that close to his lips. His intoxication had made his eyes look dull and sleepy, but he was a package of energy not willing to sleep anytime soon. The night appeared to have a lot of prospects.

At last, when he also was tired, they stood at one spot in each other’s arms. She leant against his trunk of a torso. Her lungs needed to work some overtimes to replenish the lost oxygen. She was extremely slaphappy that if he should ask her the colour of her panty, she would not hesitate to shout. ‘LACY WHITE!’

Their bodies bobbed against each other in the cold night. Though cold, she felt nothing close to it. By his side, nothing came close to his presence. Cold felt like quilt warmth in the harmattan season.

After some minutes, Kwame bowed and scooped her off her feet.

Her surprise brought a ‘wow’ to her lips. She looked up at him only to meet his firm gaze locked on her. In safe arms, she decided not to talk but just relax and let him do whatever he wanted. He was taking her to the hilltop nearby. He ascended with no difficulty at all, making Ana wonder if he held something that had weight in his arms. Ana felt something most people will describe as falling in love. When he had reached, he sat himself on the ground so that he faced downhill. He deposited Ana onto his lap with grace.

For the first time, she felt the large expanse of his thighs with her womanly backseat.

His lap was fully occupied. He dragged her in so that she had a firm grip of his lap with her cushion. As humble as a cat, she submitted herself to anyway he preferred her to sit. The tip of her hip now invaded a bigger part of his groin. Her arm stood in between the side of her trunk and his concrete abs. In suit and tie, she could still feel the waves of his packs. Placing her head on his shoulders, she fondled herself against him like a cat trying to draw the attention of its owner. His collar bone pillowed her cheek. This made one side of her lip have great difficulty sealing. They stayed open under the fragrance of his aftershave. It was here that Vodka did some talking.

Chapter 13

'Let me ask you this, if I should pick from a million women, yourself inclusive, whom do you think I am going to pick?' Ana forced her lips close to prevent the smile that was gushing out. She did not need to be told the treat in his question. Vodka looked down at her before red cheeks had the courage to look up. She blinked like a hundred times. When the urge to kiss his eyes had begun boiling in her inside, she tossed her gaze aside.

Ana wanted to bare her heart out to him.

In his arms, the strong willed Ana was the weakest. Kwame was a land of plenty that she could hardly resist.

'Based on what criteria?' blush was speaking.

'What do you think they have that you don't?'

Ana's gaze had dropped to her lap. It appeared as though she was not listening but all she could manage was to dance to his utterances.

'Is it your comely forehead that creases like the waves of the ocean each time you look up at me?' What soberness conceals, drunkenness reveals. Surprised he had noticed the crease of her forehead to a lovely effect, she looked up at him.

She watched his stare move from her eyes to her forehead in sheer admiration. He returned his gaze, which forced Ana to drop hers.

'Mm? Tell me. Or you think someone has more spellbinding eyes than yours?'

At the sound of this, she went wide-eyed. Not because of the nice treat, but because of the sameness. All her life she had come close to only two men, her late husband and Kwame. What just slipped off his lips was sweet yet terrifying.

Spellbinding eyes.

She recalled her late husband using these exact words on her just a week before he passed away.

Oh no, he will not cheat on me, will he?' Her face was as stoic as possible.

Ana, after her late husband, had likened any similarity to sameness. If anyone came close to sharing something similar to her late husband, that person was branded heartless, a cheat, a big liar, and other names in her world of bad men. For Kwame, she resorted to sheer coincidence and coiled into herself. He pressed her into himself to shelter her from the chill in the breeze.

'Maybe someone might come close to your pretty little nose but certainly not your lips.' At the mention of her lips, a reflex twitched her upper lip. She was tempted to touch her own lips but declined. She realized he spoke living words. Words that had the power to touch her physically. His words were already caressing her. A fight had begun between herself and the effects of his words. It needed not to be said that her losing prospects were becoming clearer.

He spoke of her lips again, which run her mouth dry. She swallowed the unadulterated lust that had come to hang on her lower lip.

'How do you bring that to fruition?' he asked. 'Bring what to fruition?' 'Keep me glued to your lips each time you are talking.'

Oh boy! Stop talking, please. The voice in her head was close to a whisper. She twisted her lips to succumb the effect of his words. He watched Ana toy with her fingers like a kid. Ana loved the feel of his heavy breath on her forehead each time he breathed. She knew if she looked up at him again, she would not be able to withstand the sweet temptation. She was bound to kiss off every compliment on his lips just to spare her the word 'tease' if he looked up.

To kiss him when he was intoxicated was the last move she wanted to take.

He could be mad at me when sober.

She buried her face into his chest to battle the compulsion. She used just a little make up so his suit was safe. Her breath had switched temperature to warmer.

'Do me another favour please?' his baritone tasted like Japanese jollof rice. This time she actually thought she had been kissed because the vibrations were palpable. The vibrations that buzzed in his chest as he spoke, had electrified her completely unexpected. She then realized burying his face on his chest so that her lips touched him was the worst idea. She licked her lips in pepper-hot relish.

Ana wanted to utter the word 'Go ahead,' but each time she tried opening her lips to talk, the words 'Go ahead and want me,' wanted to come out all at once. She tried 'ok,' but 'ok touch me tenderly,' had taken a shortcut to his lips. 'Ok,' was now descending. Ana was giddy. She had forgotten she could go for a simple nod. Eventually she did, but even that, she nodded to his request three to four times more than the number she decided.

'Would you please make me have a feel of your chin?' he gestured with his thumb and index finger.

Petrol wanted to touch fire, and fire was itching to flare up. Her head felt like bursting. His pamper was majestic and royal. It had this unique treat to it that only he could make her feel. If this was the closest he could come to telling her he loved her chin, then Ana thought she also had the right to ask for a feel of his lips. Though she felt asking for that was too manly for a woman. It was men who asked for that so she dragged that idea under the rag. She took a breath, pouted, and looked straight ahead, so that he could see her looking.

'Feel free.' She closed her lips fast to prevent herself from saying something like 'Feel free to tease them with your basket balling fingers.'

When he had almost touched her, Ana's lips were quivering horribly. The effect his fingers wielded on her jaw was none but magnetic. She was not a land so hers could be called something like a jaw slide. The lips of a kid who has craved for a particular candy the whole year would not shake this much when he finally had a candy as Ana's did. When he held pointed chin, the quivers reduced slowly. Her

body had found an antidote to aloneness. He felt it recede to a quick calm. Just feeling it, he was not satisfied, he wanted to taste them. He then went ahead without permission. With his fingers, he toyed slowly to have a feel of its smoothness and cuteness. She could not help but flower her lips into a smile and savour the feel of his fingers right beneath them. She closed her eyes and rested her head on his chest as they took each other in. If the night could go on forever, she would want to be there until thy kingdom came, especially when the breeze had almost disciplined itself to a corresponding slow.

'Which one is it? It is either God forgot he had spent enough time on you or you were created in his leisure time.'

He creased at the forehead, squinted at her, and waited for an answer. She could see in her peripheral that he was staring at her. She bit her lip and shot him a lightning glance. She was beaming like a firefly. All that Kwame saw was the flash of beauty in her big eyes.

Under strict reflex, she rested her palm on her chest. Kwame needed not to be a prophet to know that that hand was telling him he was such a sweetheart. Silence ensued after this. She wondered if he was sleeping. In the silence, she would intermittently glance up at him to meet his fixed stare at her. She would always giggle after each glance, which caused her body to buzz, sending vibrations into Kwame.

'Hey, say something!' she said, after his stare went robotic.

When his words were alive and could touch her, Kwame, that night, left her whole body in a state of excited confusion. His words never failed to have effect on her. When his conversation drifted towards certain places, she could not handle it. When he was finished with her, her chest and bra were in fierce riot. Some other undergarments had begun a protest to go on strike effective immediately. The lovey-dovey mood had erased and replaced all the negatives in her. Hope hang in the air.

Behind the wheel, she was a driving peak. She needed to go as slow as she could, else, the arousal could make her speed beyond the appropriate limit. Almost home, Kwame wanted to dance again. Vodka was not satisfied for the night.

Chapter 14

She turned up the volume of the woofer just so they could hear Lionel Richie. Her home seemed to have given her some comfort and freedom, as she pulled up a move or two that impressed Kwame a lot.

The smirk on his face was a silly tempt.

Now that they were in the confines of a house, Ana's body was going out of control and she asked herself if he felt the same. She needed to keep her legs close. Her heaviness was weighing her bra down and she fought miserably not to take them off. Her waist and thighs did a great job holding down the position of her intimate things. At a particular point, she looked up at him in total defeat, she had failed miserably to her feelings and emotions.

'Ana,' Kwame *zeused* and collided his forehead gently against hers. She felt like Hera all of a sudden.

Their noses kissed.

'Up there in your room, awaits a chaste bed that has never squeaked to any intimate deed, neither has it heard your moans in decades.' She thought she heard him talk. 'Baby girl, let me take you upstairs.' Ana wanted to scream HALLELUJAH! She was losing her mind. Her lungs were failing her badly, but cold air from nowhere passed on her nose, which reminded her that reality and trance were worlds apart. She had left the world to non-existence. When she emerged from her disorganized thoughts, they were still dancing. Lucky for Ana, he was not staring. A killing disappointment engulfed her.

What in the world is happening to me?

Vodka had after sometime become uncontainable. Kwame needed to retire to bed. Too weak to move a leg, she helped him to his feet. Kwame was a building. She did not have that strength, so she decided to plonk him on Joe's bed. At least his room was closer than any room in the building.

When she finally did, she removed his shoes, loosened his tie, and a few buttons. After his tie, Ana was stuck. She could not move her sight from light pink colored, parted lips. He was fast asleep. If she went ahead to taste the rarity that hang on his lips, he would not sense a stimulus. She swallowed and scanned around, forgetting she was in her own house and they were the only people. She passed her hands on her face and settled them on her lips. She shrugged and left his side. She looked at him for the last time before she turned out the light and exited the room.

She made herself some tea, with a couple of glances at the direction of Joe's door. She could not believe that she could feel how she felt after all these barren years. She buried herself in her thoughts a few times and only realized that time was far spent when she emerged from them.

When she was about sleeping, she recounted all the euphoria that she shared with him. She went bananas with laughter all alone in her bed, wriggling and turning in her recollected peaks of their thrill.

She felt in love again after a long time.

Lost time enjoyably been made up for. She prayed nothing went wrong between them. The last thought on her mind before she fell asleep was him. She convinced herself that she was the last image on his mind before he also slept, though he was drunk.

That night was fast, probably because she did not sleep early. She woke up and the first mental picture on her mind was Kwame. She needed to check him on if he was fine. She descended the stairs in high spirits and elate, the sources of her state, most obviously from the previous night.

She knocked but there was no response. It was first light so it was possible he was still not up. Maybe she should not have forced him to drink, but would he have been that romantic and crazy if not for

the drink? She just wanted to know if he had no headache or serious hangover. She knocked again and it was just as silent as the first. After the third unresponsive knock, she decided to enter. She opened the door and the first sound she heard was music. Kwame had turned on the radio. Apparently he was up already. She cocked her head in and found that he was not on the bed.

Has he left to his house without a goodbye?

She came in and closed the door but did not lock it. She now took inquisitive steps. Blinded by love and ecstasy from the previous night, she turned to the right.

What her eyes saw bounded her to the spot. Sweet fruits of Eden! she exclaimed in thought. Her mouth run dry and the muscles of her stomach clenched in spellbinding reflex. She was looking at the eighth wonder of the world.

It was a golden opportunity on a silver platter.

And from her position, she needed to leave before he turned around; in the stew stood Kwame, with suds skating down every sinew and muscle of his. The golden lights made him gleam like a god, and she wanted to worship him with her all. Coincidence had also brought her to the room braless. There were abnormal fluctuations in the pleasure centres of her brain. Her nightie appeared as if they were being drilled at the breast region. A voice told her to tear her dress apart and join him. She moved a step closer, her eyes were seeing stars and golden clouds.

Kwame stopped the shower. When he began towelling off, he thought he saw a shadow in the room.

'Ana?' There was...

Purchase soft and hard copies from any of the distributors below:

Amore: 278 pages
Publisher: Pageturner, Press and Media (November 14, 2019)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1643764713
ISBN-13: 978-1643764719
Product Dimensions: 6 x 0.6 x 9 inches

- **Pageturner Press and Media** - USA
- **Amazon**
- **Indigo Chapters**- Canada
- **Barnes & Noble**
- **WH Smith** - UK & Europe
- **Ingram**
- **Waterstones**- UK & Europe
- **Baker & Taylor**
- **Gardners**- UK & Europe
- **Kalahari Books**- South Africa
- **Dymocks & Borders**- Australia
- **Timeout Bookstore**- Australia & New Zealand
- **Booktopia**- Australia & New Zealand

Twitter, Instagram, wattpad: @n_o_bekoe
Facebook/linkedin: author n. o. bekoe

PAGETURNER
PRESS AND MEDIA

PAGETURNER
PRESS AND MEDIA

PageTurner
Press and Media

The End...